

## **Mouth** by [flamehairedwritings](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** A Very Mouthy Hop, Dirty Talk, Dominant Hop, F/M, M Receiving, Oral Sex, Swearing, Unprotected Sex, as always, mild spanking

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Callahan (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Reader, You

**Relationships:** Jim "Chief" Hopper/You

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-07-22

**Updated:** 2018-07-22

**Packaged:** 2022-04-22 05:15:01

**Rating:** Explicit

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 3,311

**Publisher:** [archiveofourown.org](https://archiveofourown.org)

**Summary:**

For once, your mouth rivals Hopper's.

# Mouth

## Author's Note:

A/N: Hi, there. Please enjoy this story that I had the absolute pleasure to write due to a request on Tumblr.

---

“Where’s the fuckin’ door handle...”

“It’s... Mmhh... It’s digging into my, ow, my back...”

“Don’t worry, I got it, I got it...”

The door to Chief Jim Hopper’s office flies open, slamming against the cabinet beside the wall due to the force with which it was opened, and the owner of said office swiftly swings a hand out to stop it from knocking against you.

Your arms tighten around Hopper’s neck as he walks you backwards into the room, his other hand pressing against your lower back, keeping you firmly against him.

Your lips haven’t parted since he started kissing you against one of his officers (*Callahan’s? Johnson’s?*) desk, except to whisper those few hurried words as he fumbled in his haste to get you into the privacy of his office.

Not that you need privacy, exactly; the Station is completely empty.

It still doesn’t stop a delicious thrill from coursing through you, though.

Releasing the door once you’re a little further into the room, Hopper returns his hand to your ass, squeezing and kneading and prompting

you to rise up onto your tiptoes. A moan escapes you as your body arches, your hips rolling against his, and feel his erection pushing against you.

You hear the door ‘click’ shut behind him, and the sound of it seems to fuel his need.

Growling low in his throat, Hopper buries one hand into your hair and grips your hip with the other, pressing you against his desk. Humming against his lips, you instantly part your legs to allow him to stand between them and your hands move to his shoulders as he slides one arm around your waist and lifts you, sitting you on the desk. The movement causes your skirt to rise and bunch around your hips, your damp panties rubbing against his trousers.

“Mmh, Chief, is that a gun in your pocket□“

“Are you gonna crack that joke every time, ‘cause I swear to God...”

Your laugh is swiftly cut off by your moan as his lips finally leave yours and descend upon your neck, biting, sucking and licking their way down to your collarbone. Tipping your head back, your teeth sink into your lower lip to stifle the louder moan that rises in your throat.

“No, no, no, no...” His hand is suddenly at your jaw, the pad of his thumb gently tugging your lip free. “... Wanna hear all those pretty little sounds you make for me...”

You release the moan and can’t stop your hips from bucking at his words, your gaze holding his as his fingers glide down your throat.

“There we go, baby...”

His fingers carry on down to your blouse, unbuttoning it. You roll your hips a little more insistently, trying to coax him into actually *touching* you. A smirk pulls at the corners of his mouth and he grips your open blouse, pulling the material from your skirt.

“What do you want, sweetheart, hm?”

He slides his hand back up your bare torso, up between your breasts,

up to your neck. He's barely touched you where you really need him and he's still made your breathing ragged and your pussy aching and wet.

It's that damn mouth of his.

"Do you want my fingers, huh?" he murmurs, the tips of his fingers tracing your mouth. You part them instantly and he slips his fingers into your mouth, up to the first knuckle. You moan softly as you wrap your lips around them, sucking gently and hoping the connotation will push him into giving you what you both want.

He grunts, his fingers stroking against your tongue.

"Or do you want my cock?" he gravels, shifting his stance a little so his straining erection can rub against your soaking panties.

A strained whimper leaves you and you grip at his shirt, trying to tug him as close as you can but he stands firm, placing a hand on the desk beside you.

"You want my cock?"

You nod as he removes his fingers, your hand on his belt, fumbling slightly as you try to unbuckle it with one hand.

"Yeah, I want your cock, Chief," you breathe, seeing the desire burning in his eyes and knowing he's close, so close to giving in. "I want you inside me□"

A door outside the office slams shut.

You both freeze, your eyes widening as you hear feet shuffling and someone coughing.

"Fuck, shit, get under the desk," Hopper murmurs, pulling away from you and straightening his tie.

"What?" you hiss, sliding off the desk and yanking your skirt down. "Why can't I just□"

*"Under the desk."*

Pressing your lips together, you round the desk and fall to your knees, crawling under. Hopper smooths his hair down and advances to his chair, making sure you're fully under the desk before he takes a seat and positions his legs.

Just as he grabs a file and drags it towards him, his office door opens a crack, then fully and Officer Callahan enters, beaming.

"I wondered who was in here. Hey, Chief, I thought you'd be gone by now, what the hell are you doin'?"

Hopper forces an easy smile as he hunches a little further over his desk, pressed against it to block any sign of you.

"Hey, Callahan. I'm keepin' an eye on the place until Williams, Doyle and Powell get back from checking out a call. What are you doin' here?"

Running your tongue over your teeth, thoroughly annoyed and throwing every curse you mentally can at Callahan for interrupting what was looking to be a *very* interesting evening, you reach your hand out and turn your head to nudge him into hurrying this conversation up, when your gaze lifts to his trousers.

His erection is still *very* prominent.

You squeeze your thighs together in an effort to assuage the ache between them, imagining your lips wrapped around him, or his cock filling you completely and deeply...

Before you know it your hands are moving and you're slowly pulling the zipper of his trousers down.

Hopper stiffens, his jaw clenching tightly as he feels your fingers working, and he quickly forces himself to relax, keeping his eyes on Callahan who, thankfully, hasn't noticed or paused in his rambling.

"... thought it might be maybe next week, sometime, but then *she* says it's not until next *month*, so I'm like, what the hell, Diane, and..."

You barely hear Callahan, your entire focus on the zipper coming

down. Once it is, you carefully unbutton his trousers. His leg twitches, his knee knocking against the bottom of the desk, but the sound is muffled by him clearing his throat. You feel his leg start to move and quickly shuffle forward a little, your shoulders keeping his legs apart.

“... but I like the red one, but of course we have to go with what she says but I can’t say that ‘cause last time I did she didn’t speak to me for hours...”

Moving your fingers up, you pull the waistband of his boxers down and his cock springs free, the tip swollen and leaking a bead of pre-cum.

His leg jerks again and you feel him shift slightly, then his hand is groping for your shoulder, his finger tips pressing in. Your lips twitch as his grip tightens when you slide your fingers over the length of his cock.

*My turn to tease now, Hopper.*

Leaning forward, you kiss the tip, licking away his pre-cum.

The strained grunt he releases should have had you pausing, but you feel emboldened with the power that now rests in your hands. How often do you have Chief Jim Hopper at your mercy like this? Never, and you are absolutely going to take advantage.

“You all right, Chief?”

A forced smile returns to Hopper’s lips as he nods at Callahan and clears his throat loudly.

“Yeah, just, think I’m comin’ down with somethin’.”

He can *feel* you smirking around his cock and, fuck, if that isn’t one of the sexiest God damn things.

“Shit, I’m sorry to hear that, Chief... Could it be contagious?”

Gripping the base of his cock, you take him into your mouth, taking him as far as you can, your tongue stroking against the underside.

He's trying so hard not to grip your shoulder too tightly as he suppresses the deep groan that rises in his throat.

"Uh-hmnh, I don't know, probably." His words come out in a slightly rushed exhale, and, *fuck*, you can't wait until he can finally lose control.

Drawing your head back, you begin to suck in a slow, steady rhythm, your finger tips squeezing where you can't quite manage to reach.

Fuck, your mouth feels so fucking good on him. He has to fight to keep his eyes open as Callahan offers remedies that might work to cure his phantom illness. You're sucking and licking at him so fucking slowly and lovingly, he just knows you've got *that* look on your face, the one where your beautiful fucking eyes are watching him and you're clearly loving every second of having his cock in your mouth.

Callahan needs to fucking go.

"Yeah, I'll try those, pal," Hopper interjects, praying that his voice isn't as strained as he thinks it is, "Why don't you head home, huh? Been a long day an' this might be contagious."

"A'ight, Chief, good idea. Have a good one." Waving, Callahan swiftly turns and heads out of the room, not too keen on catching the 'illness'.

You don't say a word or stop your ministrations and Hopper doesn't move an inch as you both listen to Callahan walk across to his desk, take something from it, and head to the door.

You exhale a breath as you hear the door to the Station close and draw your head back, releasing him with a soft sound.

Before you can even draw a breath to speak, Hopper shoves his chair back, grips your upper arms and pulls you out from under the desk. Inhaling sharply, you can't stop the smirk of delight that spreads across your lips as he turns you around and presses you against the edge of the desk, feeling it dig into you.

"You think you're so fuckin' cute, huh," he growls into your ear, one hand gripping your hip, the other running down your thigh and

finding the hem of your skirt, yanking it up. “Suckin’ my cock while I speak to one of my officers, you think that’s fuckin’ smart?”

“No, Chief,” you answer automatically, your breathing hitching as he lifts his hand and presses it against your shoulder blade, pushing your torso down onto the desk.

Turning your cheek so it rests against the wood, you can’t resist rocking your hips slightly, the edge of the desk pressing so perfectly against your pussy.

“No, none of that, sweetheart.”

His hand suddenly smacks your ass and your hips buck at the impact, your mouth dropping open with a sharp gasp.

Placing his other hand beside your head, he leans down and murmurs lowly into your ear, “Did I say you could do that?”

“No, Chief,” you whisper, grazing your teeth over your lower lip as you feel his cock pressing against your bare thigh.

“No, I didn’t. You’re gonna be a good girl now and do as you’re told, aren’t you?”

“Yes, Chief.”

Fuck, you desperately need him and he *knows* it.; the bastard just can’t resist making you wait that little bit longer.

“Good girl.”

His hand caresses where he’d smacked you and you moan quietly, your eyes closing as his finger tips brush against your sensitive skin.

“So responsive, aren’t you, baby.”

His fingers slide around to your inner thigh and the front of your panties. You shiver lightly as he exhales a deep laugh, finding you soaking.

“Just as I thought, you fuckin’ loved that.”



You don't even try to stop the whine that escapes from the back of your throat, your back arching as you push your ass back towards him.

"You love having my cock in your mouth, don't you?"

You nod a split second before you remember he'll want a verbal answer, but he doesn't miss a beat, his hand smacking your ass sharply again. Gasping, your hand darts forward and grips the edge of the desk in front of you.

"Answer me."

"Yes, Chief," you breathe huskily, your desire so damn evident, "Fuck, I love having your cock in my mouth, Chief."

He grunts as he strokes your reddening skin. "Good girl. Do you want my cock in your mouth right now, baby?"

You hesitate for a moment, considering, and that's enough for him to spank you once more, harder this time. Gasping sharply, your back arches and you quickly shake your head.

"Fuck, no, no, Chief, I want your cock inside me."

"You want my cock inside you?"

"Yes, Chief, please, I need your cock." You sound so needy but you don't care one fucking bit.

His hand glides from your ass to your panties, and he caresses your covered pussy, smirking to himself as your hips jerk and press back, seeking more from him.

"You need my cock in your pussy, baby?"

"Yes, Chief, please, I need you so fucking bad," you moan as he allows you to roll your hips against his fingers, barely moving them.

"I don't know if you deserve my cock, sweetheart."

You groan and shift slightly, widening your legs. "Fuck, c'mon, Chief,

please, I need your thick cock inside me, I need you to fill me.”

He can't stop a groan of his own at that, his boot pushing against your foot and making you widen your legs even further.

“Look at you, all spread out on my desk for me,” he murmurs roughly, his hand moving from the desk to your lower back, pushing your skirt up higher. “And look at that, you've soaked through your panties, baby.”

Your entire body is aching for him and if he doesn't touch you soon you might scream.

“Please, Chief,” you whisper, rolling your hips again as you reach a hand back and find his cock, your finger tips brushing against him.

Hopper releases a long groan and you think you feel him thrust into your hand slightly. Then, he's yanking your panties down, nearly tearing them as he gets them down as far as he can, and he's running a finger up through your wet folds from your clit to your hole.

“Oh, *fuck*...” you breathe, both your hands now gripping the edge of the desk.

“Fuckin' Jesus, baby...” He murmurs so low it's almost as if to himself.

His hands grip your ass cheeks and spreads them a little wider, a ragged groan leaving him. Then, one of his hands is between your shoulder blades, keeping you down, and a moment later you feel the swollen tip of his cock nudging against your pussy.

You moan, the sound lingering as you close your eyes and try, unsuccessfully, you push your hips back once more to coax him into you.

“You want my cock?”

His voice is strained and you know he just wants to hear you say it one last time.

“Yes, sir, please, fuck me□”

You break off with a sharp moan as he pushes into you, then thrusts forward, filling you completely. Your mouth open and your forehead dipping, another, louder moan leaves you a second later as you just feel him stretching you, his hand now gripping your hip so tightly you know there'll be marks come morning.

"Fuck..." you breathe, revelling in how damn *perfect* he feels.

"Jesus, *fuck*..." he hisses, his hand on your back fisting your blouse. "So wet for me, huh... *Fuck*..."

He pulls his hips back, then thrusts back into you swiftly, then repeats, setting a slow, hard rhythm that has moans spilling from your lips and your nails digging into the desk.

He's so riled up that you know he won't last long and, frankly, you know you won't either, not with how much you'd been aching for him. The deliciously filthy words that pour from his mouth only serve to spur both of you on.

"You take my fuckin' cock so fuckin' good, baby... This what you been thinkin' about all day, huh? This what you've been wanting?"

His pace quickens, stealing your words from you and leaving you only able to cry out, but that's not quite what he wants to hear. His palm connects with your ass cheek and you both groan as your slick pussy walls clench involuntarily around him at the glorious stinging pain.

"Mmnh, fuck, yes... I've needed you so badly, Chief," you whimper, his thrusts relentlessly hard and fast.

"Yeah, can feel how fuckin' wet you are for me, baby girl, dripping all over my cock..."

Suddenly, his arm is sliding around your waist and he's pulling you up and back against him. You cry out at the change in position, his cock hitting that sweet spot inside you every time, and grip at his arm to ground yourself, your lips parted.

His other hand settles around your neck, tipping your head back so he can groan into your ear, "So good, baby, takin' all my cock, you

gonna come all over my thick cock, huh...”

Your forehead dips as you start to feel the pleasure build within you, nodding several times as you inhale a sharp breath. “Need to come so fucking bad...”

“You gonna ask like a good girl, huh, you gonna ask me to let you come?”

“Please, Chief, please, let me come, please, need to come on your cock,” you gasp shamelessly, the plea tumbling out as you focus on nothing but him and the pleasure only he can give you.

“So good for me, always so fuckin’ good...” he murmurs, pressing a lingering, open-mouthed kiss to your jaw.

His hand slides from your neck down your body to your pussy and two fingers begin to rapidly stroke your swollen clit from side to side. Your knees would have buckled had he not been holding you firmly against him.

Gritting your teeth, your stomach muscles start to tighten as you teeter on the edge of your release, your eyes closed. “Fuck, please, Chief, please, let me come...”

Your moans are growing louder and higher, your hips bucking as you desperately seek your release.

Pressing slightly sloppy kisses to your neck, Hopper groans at your words, his rhythm stuttering a little as he starts to chase his own impending release.

“Come on, baby, come on my cock, come for me, need to feel you come...” he growls, his fingers pressing down on your clit.

Crying out, your nails sink into his arm as you bow your head and give in, your climax crashing over you. Helpless to the pleasure that courses through you as he doesn’t stop, you’re unaware of the curses and moans of his name that tumble from your mouth.

A few moments later he stiffens, then thrusts deep and hard into you with a yell, and you feel his come spill inside you. Groaning, his hips

jerk and he thrusts a few more times into you, drawing out both your highs, until he sinks into you for the last time with a long moan.

Falling forward slightly, he swiftly places a hand on the desk to support himself, his arm remaining around your waist to support you. The sounds of your heavy breaths fill the room, and you swallow, your tongue running over your lips.

A tender smile lifts the corners of your mouth as you feel him press a gentle kiss to the back of your neck.

“You all right?” he murmurs, his fingers caressing your side.

“Yeah,” you breathe, squeezing his arm lightly. “Relieved.”

“Relieved?”

“Definitely not a gun.”

“I swear to *God*...”

---